

Stormy Night

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Summary: Tuffnut is afraid of the dark. Storms don't make it better.

Stormy Night

Tuffnut couldn't sleep. It was storming out, and every time a clap of thunder sounded he would jump. He tried hiding beneath the blankets and covering his head with his pillow to block out the noise, but neither thing helped.

Eventually he just ended up staring at the bottom of upper bunk where Ruffnut was. The storm kept getting worse as time went on. He went back to hiding beneath the blankets and stayed like that for what felt like-and could very well have been-hours.

Finally, with a little hesitation, Tuffnut removed the blanket and got out of bed. He climbed the ladder to the top bunk and shook his sister's shoulder a few times.

"Hey, Ruffnut?" he said softly. She mumbled something before stretching and turning around, propping herself up on her elbow.

"What do you want?" she asked tiredly. Before Tuffnut could answer, a bolt of lightning lit up the room and Ruffnut saw her brother flinch as the thunder sounded.

Rolling her eyes, she scooted over. "Go ahead."

"Thanks," Tuffnut muttered before climbing to the bunk.

"Yeah, yeah," his sister said. She yawned and turned onto her side. A moment later she felt her brother's back against her own. She could actually feel him become less tense.

"Don't steal the blanket this time," she told him. He made a quiet sound of acknowledgement and a few seconds later he fell asleep.

Ruffnut let out a quiet sigh. Idiot.

End
file.